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THE

Commonweal

week by week

A HOPE FOR MODERATION

IT now seems possible to discern some pattern in the results of the November 2nd elections, and in the pattern there is reason for encouragement and hope: these results constitute, on the whole, a victory for moderation and a defeat for demagoguery.

In New Jersey, for example, Clifford Case triumphed over particularly vicious attacks made on him by extremist elements in his own party; in Illinois, Paul Douglas defeated a remarkably undistinguished opponent who had tolerated, if he had not encouraged, charges of "softness toward Communism" made against the Senator during the campaign; in Wyoming, Joseph O'Mahoney was returned to his former seat in face of Republican efforts to link him to "subversion." And in the House three representatives who had thoroughly identified themselves with the views of Senator McCarthy—Kersten of Wisconsin, Busbey of Illinois, and Clardy of Michigan—were retired to private life. In these contests—as in many others—the voters showed intelligence and discretion.

It was, of course, an ambiguous election too. The heroes did not all win out, nor were all the villains routed. John Sherman Cooper lost in Kentucky, while J. Strom Thurmond won in South Carolina. But all in all, a victory for moderation, for political decency was present, and for this we can be grateful.

We can be particularly grateful if we recall the tone of the campaign in some parts of the country. This was, in many instances, thoroughly contemptible. And for this the man chiefly responsible is the Vice President of the United States. Mr. Nixon seemed determined to prove that in his campaign tactics he is one of the most irresponsible —and dangerous—politicians in the United States today. His use of the "Red" issue against men like Senator Murray of Montana and Mr. O'Mahoney of Wyoming, his imputation of "softness toward Communism" to the entire national leadership of the Democratic party, his cynical manipulation of the issues of peace and war for partisan advantage, his reckless playing of the security "numbers game"—in all these things Mr. Nixon propagated a dangerous tendency in our politics that could, if it goes unchallenged, destroy the foundations of decent political debate in America.

We in the U. S. have always been able to deal, in our own good way, with our more obvious demagogues, but how shall we deal with the new demagogues, who smile as they pour poison into the mainstream of political life, who speak calumny, not in the raucous tones of a Huey Long, but in the winning accents of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy? How shall we deal with a Richard Nixon?

STEPHEN Mitchell, the soon-to-retire Chairman the Democratic National Committee, seems determined to face this question, and he has put it to the men who have primary responsibility for answering it, President Eisenhower and the leaders of the Republican National Committee. Waiting for a week after his party had apparently won control of both houses of Congress lest he be accused of speaking from election anger, Mr. Mitchell has called upon Vice President Nixon "to retract and apologize for his campaign excesses" and to stop such attacks. If they continue, Mr. Mitchell says, the President should disavow them, for "if the Republican leaders persist in this damnable business they will finally reduce political contests not to customary struggles over issues and ideas, but to wars of extermination."

The issue (and it is a historic one in our political development) is thus put up to the President who, until now, has shown a remarkable capacity for not hearing what his Republican associates are shouting all over the country. Mr. Eisenhower has expressed a desire to cooperate with the new Democratic Congress and the leaders of the new Democratic majority have expressed their wish to cooperate with him, but, as Sam Rayburn has warned, such cooperation "will depend

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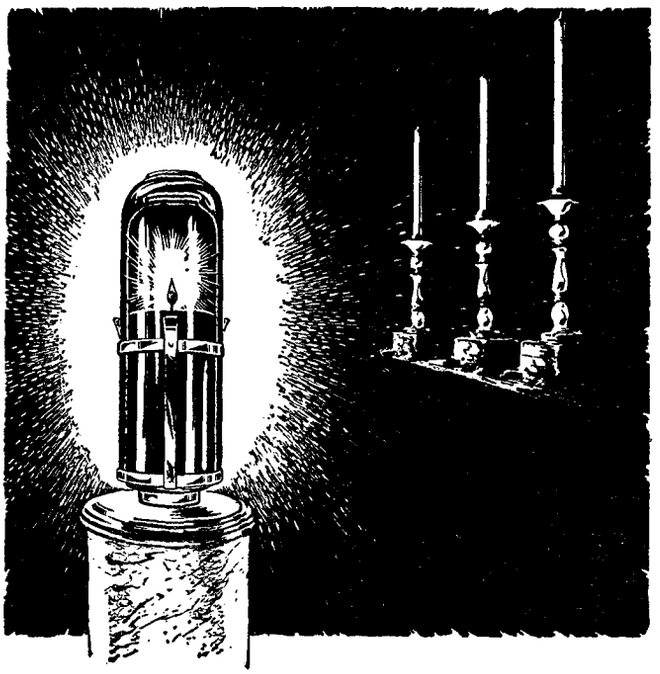

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on the attitude of the Administration." The Administration obviously cannot expect cooperation from a party branded as traitorous by the second highest Republican official even though the leader of the GOP—the President himself—continues to imply that he hasn't heard anything of what has been going on around him for the past three years.

As Mr. Rayburn has insisted to several correspondents, there is a profound difference, a difference not of degree but of kind, between the new imputations of treason and those imputations that, for better or worse, are accepted as a normal part of our traditional campaign oratory. It is one thing to accuse a party and its leadership of "creeping socialism" or of "callousness" toward the unemployed; it is quite another thing to accuse it of conspiring in its country's betrayal.

This accusation is the unforgivable political sin, the "damnable business" that would make politics virtually impossible in a free society. If the hope of moderation in our national life—the hope discernible in the outcome of the recent elections—is to survive, if a healthy working relationship between the Administration and the new Congress is to be achieved, an end to this disgusting "subversion" game must be made, once and for all.

The responsibility for ending it rests squarely with President Eisenhower, and it is a serious responsibility indeed. For unless he checks it now, the sophisticated demagoguery of Richard Nixon may prove more disastrous for the ultimate sanity of our political life than the hit-and-miss methods of Joseph McCarthy ever threatened to be. We must have a return to responsibility, tolerance and moderation in our national affairs. It will be a grim joke indeed if the madness of McCarthyism, now in eclipse, is to be succeeded by the worse, because more "respectable," folly represented by Mr. Nixon in the late campaign.

ONE USE FOR SURPLUSES

THE doctrine of free trade has experienced varying degrees of popular favor. Its adherents have had their big moments such as Britain's repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 or the enactment of our own Reciprocal Trade Agreements program some ninety years later. Generally speaking, however, outside of college classrooms free trade has always had hard going here in the United States. Only in the most recent years have any considerable number of influential American business leaders espoused freer trade in the interest of their respective enterprises.

Meanwhile under UN auspices (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT) some thirty nations have for six years been trying to work out a series of freer trade agreements among themselves. They are at present working at Geneva on a new agreement. All this is, if nothing else, a demonstration of wide adherence to the principle of freer international trade. And GATT also serves as an encouragement to such regional bodies as the Organization for European Economic Cooperation where each nation agrees that seventy-five per cent of the goods it imports from the other members of OEEC will be duty free.

American manufacturers with important export markets have not yet succeeded in winning over many executives in other lines of business to their convictions as to the advisability of freer trade. The best that President Eisenhower could get in the way of extension of low tariffs currently in force was a one-year renewal of the Reciprocal Trade program. Protective tariffs continue to be in the ascendant.

There is one angle about American trade policy that deserves to be explored more thoroughly. It has to do with the farm surplus problem. In underlining the importance of getting our excess foodstuffs into the hands of hungry peoples the National Catholic Rural Life Conference at its recent convention strongly advocated freer trade. It emphasized the contribution which foreign goods and services could make to more abundant living in America. And we might add that since these countries would be exporting their hand- or machine-made finished products in return for American raw or semi-processed materials, the exchange would be such as to cut into the dollar gap which has been the bane of international trade in postwar years.

In this context it is interesting to cite from the first of the resolutions adopted by the NCRL at its aforementioned thirty-second annual convention: "We observe and approve the trend in our agriculture toward increased production both per acre, and per person, and regard this as a special gift from God and a source of added wealth to the nation. . . . We are convinced that the real problem is not production but distribution. What seems to be a surplus can be so only because we allow God's bountiful gifts to pile up in bins and barns while others beyond our borders are in need—at times in desperate need. . . . Those countries and peoples who need our 'surplus' have their own goods and products which could be of great value to us." Increased foreign demand for the products of American farm and factory would indeed result from a national policy of less restricted international trade.

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FOOTNOTE ON A RESIGNATION

SOME weeks ago the resignation of Bishop Bernard J. Sheil as director of the Chicago Catholic Youth Organization made the front pages of many U.S. newspapers. As we pointed out at the time, most comments on the matter either implied or took for granted a cause-and-effect relationship between the Bishop's famous anti-McCarthy speech to the UAW and his subsequent resignation. Indeed, in all fairness to the newsmen involved, it is hard to see how under the circumstances such an interpretation could have been avoided. Obviously, the Ordinary of a diocese does not have to explain his conduct in such matters to the newspapers, but the political implications that would be drawn from the circumstances of this resignation must have been obvious, and those involved seemed quite pointed in their refusal to satisfy the curiosity of newsmen as to the reasons behind Bishop Sheil's resignation.

At any rate, the Bishop's resignation was widely taken as a reprimand for his anti-McCarthy position. Now a postscript has been added to the story in the form of a straight news item, and we pass it on here for the benefit of the many people who may have missed it, since it appeared at the height of the post-election news coverage.

According to the published news accounts, a Mrs. James Thorsen, described as the national chairman of a group called "Americans for McCarthy," spelled out on a radio forum the claim that Bishop Sheil had been asked to resign because of his views on Senator McCarthy. "Take Bishop Sheil," Mrs. Thorsen is quoted as saying. "He has in the words of the Catholic Church been silenced. That is, he has been [put] in a position where his left wing activities will not do any more harm."

All Mrs. Thorsen did, of course, was to say in so many words over the air what many people have been saying privately. But in this case her blunt words had one distinct advantage; an official spokesman for the Chicago Archdiocese promptly and unequivocally denied her interpretation of Bishop Sheil's resignation, describing her remarks as being "completely without foundation."

NEXT WEEK

JAMES V. SCHALL writes about the limitations of modern government.

"Civil power is derived as a necessary adjunct to political power. Whenever the exercise of political power is reasonable and just, *ipso facto* the use of coercive power proportioned to the seriousness of the matter is reasonable and just . . . . There is no reason to fear power as such if this be the case. Rather what must be feared is the unjust use of power, not, however, because it is power but because it is unjust. The attempt to limit the power of a government in terms of a constitution or basic law of the land must not, therefore, be understood to mean the actual lessening of a real power. Rather it means the attempt to define the limits in which the use of power is just. . . . Thus in what measure legitimate authority fails to use its power when circumstances warrant, in that measure it fails in the very purpose of political authority."

THE ECONOMIC FUTURE

THE staff of the Senate-House Committee on the Economic Report has just issued the results of a long-range study. Their findings make odd reading, particularly after an election where unemployment played a key part in the voting in many areas of the country.

According to the Committee's staff, the nation can expect a fifty per cent increase in production by 1965. Taxes will be lower, work hours shorter, wages higher, and the population will have climbed to one hundred and ninety million.

Henry Wallace used to be considered hopelessly optimistic because he talked about sixty million jobs. We have, of course, passed that mark long since, and the present report anticipates that by 1965 there will be seventy-three million employed persons in the United States. To those now jobless or on part-time, this prediction will probably seem hopelessly utopian. But Committee experts make their predictions in dead earnest—always with the presumption, of course, that no major war will break out before that date. If war comes, all bets are off—in this field, as in so many.

What would seem to deserve serious attention is the question of who is going to get the lion's share of this anticipated increase in production. If the fifty per cent gain is visualized largely in terms of a second car for families who now have one car, or a second TV set for those who like to have two, it does not strike us as too much to get excited about. But most of us tend to ignore the fact that here in the U.S. the lower twenty-five or thirty-five per cent on the economic ladder have a long way to go before they come near matching what we like to think of as the American standard of living.

There are still too many families living in sub-

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standard housing in America, and too many children of talent who do not receive the education they deserve because they do not have money. There are too many men and women who do not receive adequate medical care, and too many wage-earners who own nothing and have little chance to own anything. In these predictions of a fifty per cent increase in production during the next thirteen years there is great promise. There is also a great challenge to see that the major benefits from this increased productivity go primarily to the individuals and families who need them most.

The Commonweal's 30th Anniversary Subscription Campaign is entering its closing weeks. We are counting heavily on a good response to our appeal for new Christmas gift subscriptions. A letter on the subject went out last week to all subscribers, and a coupon for additional subscriptions may be found on page 206 of this issue. In response to many requests we will report regularly in these pages on the progress of the drive. Score to date:

New subscriptions already in: 4,425
New subscriptions needed by Jan. 1: 3,575

EUROPE: TWO WAYS

A COOLNESS has descended on the Duchy of Luxembourg which cannot be attributed to the winds of autumn. Luxembourg is headquarters for the European coal-steel pool which is directed by the principal architect of the European unification movement, Jean Monnet. Relations between M. Monnet and the new Premier of France have chilled in recent weeks; the two take fundamentally divergent views of the future of Europe.

The new French government opposes the extension of the coal-steel authority's powers to additional commodities and has criticized some of the authority's activities.

Differences on two subjects are at the root of the difficulty. First there is the economic question. M. Mendès-France is an economist by training and lays primary stress on the rejuvenation of the archaic French national economy. Reconstruction and rationalization of French capitalism was under way before he took office and he intends to see to it that nothing stops the process. His first and most publicized step, although hardly the most serious one, has been an attempt to do something about the senseless, subsidized, French overproduction of alcohol—which has been accompanied by a postwar increase in the disease of alcoholism in France. M. Mendès-France began this campaign by drinking milk in the Parliament and by recommending milk to audiences of incredulous French laboring men. If he can succeed in substituting milk for wine in the French national diet he will have accomplished something besides which all political settlements will pale. (Of course, there are those who think he will have struck a blow against civilization itself.)

What Mendès-France intends to do to the French economy requires considerable unilateral action. He is not happy with the restrictions which are enforced by the Monnet authority. He favors Franco-German cooperation rather than European integration. He believes that national economic recovery must come before a common European market. And, accepting his reasoning, the eventual common market is placed at a convenient distance in the future where no one need worry very much about its coming to pass.

The Monnet theory, the "European" theory, is that European economic vitality depends on expanded production, which in turn depends on a common market. The coal-steel pool was to have been the first step towards that market, and would have been followed by a removal of barriers on other European products. And the eventual consequence of all this was to have been a reduction in political barriers equal to and following from the economic integration. It was optimistically thought that in the end there could be a European economy as free from geographical economic barriers as the economy of the forty-eight states of our own country, as well as a European political authority with considerable supranational power.

The second divergence between the Mendès-France and "European" views of the horizon is political. The Western Union organization set up at London and Paris has very limited power other than over the Saar. It will control troops and weapons production. Although it has distinct federal features, it is essentially an alliance.

One reason that Western Union was so easily accepted is that alliances offer considerably greater freedom for the conduct of power politics. M. Mendès-France unquestionably still hopes that an agreement on German unification can be reached with the Soviets in the months that remain before West German troops actually take the field.

This last attempt to arrange a German settlement will in all likelihood fail. If it does, M. Mendès-France and the "Europeans" may find their points of view much closer together. Economic and political nationalism offers a rather sterile future to the people of West Europe.

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Two Cultures in India

"GOANS ARE AS MUCH MEDITERRANEAN EUROPEANS AS THE DESCENDANTS OF VARIOUS EUROPEAN NATIONALITIES ARE TODAY AMERICANS."

DAVID JOHNSTONE

THE claim by the Republic of India to the Portuguese possessions in India has aroused world interest. Part of the reason for this is the fact that the dispute may involve commitments by the signatory powers to NATO. But the matter is in itself of more than ordinary interest, being very different from the usual colonial problem so often in the political news today.

The Portuguese Indian difference poses this question: Are a people what they feel themselves to be, or must they forever remain what their forefathers were? In other words, is a person an American, a Dutchman, an Italian, or an Englishman simply because his ancestors belonged to one of these nations? Is an American Negro less an American because his origin is African?

If colonialism is taken to mean keeping a people subject to alien rule and exploitation, it is repugnant to the majority of people today, and rightly so. But the Portuguese have been in Goa more than four hundred and fifty years, rather longer than the Europeans have been in America. In the course of these centuries, more than fifty per cent of the total population of half a million people in these territories has ceased to be Indian in all but origin.

Unlike the early settlers in America or the British in India, the Portuguese neither exterminated the indigenous inhabitants nor were they content, as the British were, simply to rule the Indians. Instead, they strove to assimilate them into their own culture by Baptism, by intermarriage and by sharing with them the culture they had brought from the West. As a result, a stranger meeting an educated Christian Goan today is in doubt as to whether he is an Indian or a Southern European. This metamorphosis is not, as in the case with the majority of westernized Indians in India, a shallow varnish acquired from an English public school education but is of the mind and spirit. Such Goans are no longer Indians; they are as much Mediterranean Europeans as the present descendants of the various European nationalities are today Americans.

DURING my fourteen years' residence in India, under both the British Raj and the Republic, I never met an Indian—no matter how well disposed to the British nor how English his education—who considered himself other than an Indian. At the same time I never met a Goan who thought of himself as an Indian, who ever regarded himself as anything but a Goan and a Portuguese, or who expressed the slightest desire to be an Indian subject. The Christian Goan has a typically Southern European mentality. His customs and habits are so divorced from the Indian that there is no longer any real affinity between them. This fact is strikingly illustrated should you be a guest of either, provided that you are intimate enough with an Indian family to be received informally.

To be the guest of an educated Christian Goanese family is to be entertained as one would be in any middleclass European household of small means. A cloth is on the table, everyone sits on a chair and eats his curry with a spoon and fork, the womenfolk eat with the men and converse freely with the company. All are dressed in European style; with the poorer classes the women often retain the graceful Indian *saree* but never the accompanying nose-ring and anklets.

Indian hospitality, though always more formal, is equally warm in its welcome. But regardless of the social status or financial means of your host, and no matter how Western his education, if you are favored as an intimate friend you will squat on the floor and eat your curry with your fingers. The curry will be served to each guest on a large banana leaf, or, in the houses of the well-to-do, from small silver dishes set on the floor beside you. The ladies of the house will greet you in Indian style, their hands pressed palm against palm and never touching yours. Then with a charming shyness they will almost immediately depart from the room, custom forbidding them to eat with men, even those of their own family.

Mr. Johnstone is an Englishman who lived in India for fourteen years. He has also lived, traveled or taught in Yugoslavia, the Middle East and Africa.

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In an Indian home, your host and his friends will have discarded the European clothes which, if they wear them at all, are adopted only for outdoor wear as a concession to modern conditions. Since the essence of home is to be in one's true environment, they will sit in the comfort of a *dhoti*, a length of muslin wound many times round the loins, reaching down each leg to the ankle and drawn up between the legs to be tucked in at the waist. An Indian is often naked to the waist, and he is always barefoot in his home. He sees life as a thing of the spirit in which the accidentals and non-essentials have no place inside the hidden precincts. For the Indian, to live is to be in harmony with the daily life around one, with the customs and habits of life that reflect one's inner self.

To the Christian Goan, on the other hand, to live is to enjoy life. He is deeply attached to his family but, like a true Mediterranean, he nevertheless spends most of his leisure outside the home. In Goa he sits in the cafés; in Bombay he goes to his club. There he drinks, though seldom to excess, gossips and, if he is young and unmarried, preens and ogles the pretty girls around him. He dances to the latest American tunes, and he gambles. Work for him is a means to existence and to pleasure, not to satisfying ambition or amassing wealth. He spends with more freedom than discretion, and a large part of his earnings goes on clothes, for he dearly loves to "cut a fine figure." The Goan loves life with a joyous gaiety.

THIS attitude on life the Indian finds incomprehensible. The Indian's austere pessimism regards such behavior as undignified foolishness fit for children. Dancing as practiced in the Western world is to him a depravity; by the Indian woman it is regarded as a degradation to her sex. Though the drinking of alcohol is indulged in surreptitiously by the lower classes and more openly by the ultra-westernized, the average Indian looks askance upon the habit, and even the most emancipated Indian woman would hesitate to take a drink in company.

To a Hindu, *joie de vivre* is untranslatable; he could never grasp its sense. This is true even on his greatest occasions. At a wedding or religious festival the Indian drum beats out its summons to the professional dancers, and their movements are often a song of exquisite grace, and the rhythm itself suggests exultation. But the mien both of the dancers and the spectators throughout remains solemn, even sad, as though it were the drum alone that moved the dancers.

Hoarding his money with an almost religious reverence, the average Indian would be at a loss to find a use for the halo of spirituality bestowed upon him by the inherent sentimentality of many Anglo-Saxons. Idealism and philosophy may occupy the thoughts of a few sages and busy the tongues of the intelligentsia of Bengal, but to the ordinary Indian it is the talk of fools.

Endless discussions go on in the little tea shops of the cities or in the bazaars of an Indian village, but it is not politics or philosophy that is being discussed. Instead, the Indians talk of stocks and shares, property deals, cotton quotations, the price of grain or of a buffalo, for in these may be found money to accumulate, steps to achieve power, the power of a commercial magnate, the petty power of head clerk or the prestige of a village headman. Beside such pleasures the Indian sees the joys so ardently pursued by the Western world as a mirage.

What the Christian Goan fears is union with this alien way of life. He does not want to be absorbed into the three hundred and fifty million Indians across the border. Under the slow but inexorable pressure of environment, he is afraid that within a few generations he would lose his identity. An alien education, he fears, would lead to the gradual disintegration of his life, if not the ultimate subversion of his Faith. For despite Mr. Nehru's assurances to the contrary, he knows the forces lined up against him are too great even for Nehru.

The Christian Goan does not doubt Nehru's sincerity, but he sees that the laws proscribing caste have availed nothing against the tenacious heart of Hinduism. Loved and respected as Nehru justly is by the overwhelming mass of the Indian people, this homage is to his integrity, his almost miraculous incorruptibility and the sincerity of his love for India and its people. A confirmed secularist from his English education, Nehru in this is that much less an Indian. An idealist and a true patriot, he sees his country and his people through the reflected rays of his own idealistic conception. The vast multitudes throng to hear him speak and listen enraptured by his oratory that rises high above their understanding. They mutely sense his love for them, and this strikes a response from their own hearts. They then return to their homes strangely comforted, because here is someone who cares for their welfare, here is a leader whom they can trust. Yet the sinister shadow of caste is each year more discernible in Nehru's India, for Raj may come and Raj may go, but India remains intactly Hindu.

Mr. Nehru's party, the Congress Party, is built on big business, and big business is solidly Hindu. His political opponents, the Hindu Mahasaba, are avowedly so, with "Hindustan," India for the Hindu, as their Party Slogan. Though the Communists pay lip service to the abolition of caste, it is to their interest to abet all that tends to hurt the fragile, scarce-born unity of the country.

No matter how liberal his views, how unorthodox his practice of religion, or how European his education,

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the pride and prejudice of caste remains indelible in every Hindu. He can never forget that the Indian Christians were converted from the lower castes; to him they are, almost instinctively, akin to the untouchables. Consequently, Goan and Indian Christians find it more and more difficult to find employment in a time of increasing urban unemployment. Time was when the large Hindu firms, following British custom, took the best man for the job. Since the Christians are, on the whole, better educated than their Hindu counterparts, they were mostly sure of regular employment as clerks and stenographers. But now caste has come into its own again and preference is too often now given to the particular caste or community of the staff manager.

THE young Indian Christian's prospects are dimming before his eyes. Soon there will be no future for him in India, as there already is none for the young Anglo-Indian, the official designation of the Eurasians of Indian descent. The Anglo-Indian's position has become so hopeless that if he has not the means to emigrate he has no escape from a steady deterioration from his present European standards to the meanest place in the employment market, notwithstanding his usually superior education and undoubted abilities.

The Hindus in the Portuguese territories undoubtedly have a sentimental affinity with India, but it is unlikely that they would wish to change their present status. Because of the Christians' lack of commercial qualities, all trade and commerce in Portuguese India is in the hands of the Hindus, and the Christians make their living as clerks. It is most improbable, therefore, that the Hindus would relish the influx of Bombay Gujeratis and Sindhi refugees from Pakistan, two of the sharpest trading communities in India, a move which would inevitably follow from the change-over.

In acquiring Goa, India would gain nothing save the prestige of victory and a fine harbor at Marmugoa of which it has no great need. In losing Goa, Portugal stands to lose nothing except prestige, for it derives no benefit from these possessions. Ideals are, however, involved in this issue. To Nehru, with his vision of India, it is inconceivable that an Indian, no matter how remote or mixed his origin, could choose to remain outside Mother India and the Asian Fellowship. To Portugal, it is hardly less difficult to imagine that the Christian world can be content to cede voluntarily the oldest Asian citadel of Christianity, to strike the tents of Western culture in surrender to Asia. Geographically, India's claim is unassailable, but it is the people, not nations, who will gain or lose by the ultimate result of this contest. Neither geography nor prestige should be permitted to overrule the paramount rights of a people to choose their own destiny.

FROM SWEDEN

The Ferment Inside Lutheranism

Stockholm

IT has been said that Sweden is the most Protestant country in the world. In Sweden there is no such thing as a minority—like the tiny Catholic minority in England—which conserves a tradition from pre-Protestant times. Sweden is surrounded by other Protestant countries; its international history practically began with the Reformation. For the student of Protestantism in its purest form, Sweden is the place.

Until quite recently, Scandinavian and, in particular, Swedish Lutheranism had never been challenged by modern Catholicism—any more than by Islam or Buddhism. In practically all the other Protestant countries of Europe Catholicism has been present through the centuries, even if only as a minority. Now this long period of Scandinavian Protestant innocence seems to have come to an end. Catholicism has become a reality rather than a curiosity. The development of Swedish Catholicism seems to be following roughly the same lines as recently have been followed by Catholicism in England. Converts belong mostly to an intellectual or social élite and the conversions make news; the masses remain aloof, indifferent or puzzled, sometimes hostile.

This makes the exceedingly small Catholic minority in Sweden strangely topheavy. And it has another consequence: no religious group outside the established church is so well represented intellectually and socially. Among the Catholic converts are novelists, playwrights, artists, businessmen and aristocrats. Indeed in some cases it has reached a point where Catholicism has become chic. In this extremely progressive country, with a general standard of living higher than in the United States, to be a Catholic nowadays means to be up to the minute.

At the same time, tolerance towards Catholicism has been exemplary and consistent; discrimination is practically nonexistent. This should be stressed in view of what unfortunately has happened to some Protestant minorities in the Catholic countries of Spain and Italy; and Catholic successes in Scandinavia have undoubtedly been much more influential than Protestant successes in the Latin countries.

However, the tolerance which has been shown in Sweden cannot be understood as indifference. Things are happening within the Lutheran Church which

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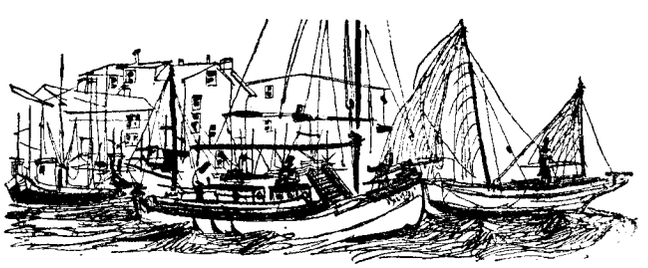
have never before happened and which appear to be in direct response to the Catholic challenge—even though many Lutherans would be reluctant to recognize them as such.

THREE years ago the Lutheran bishops of Sweden published a pastoral letter on sexual morality, which dealt with a series of delicate problems including divorce, birth control, and abortion. This was the first time anything like this had happened, and in spite of the fact that the letter was, from the Catholic point of view, exceedingly vague and made considerable concessions to the "weaknesses of the flesh," it raised an indignant reaction among the public. The reaction might be summed up thus: mind your own business! The bishops and their predecessors had been absent too long from the marketplace; the man on the street felt that the highest religious authorities in the country had no business meddling in these questions. The letter, too, was widely criticized as an untimely attempt to copy Rome.

The occasion of the pastoral letter was not the first time that Swedish Lutheran laypeople had become concerned with a tendency in their church to copy Rome. They had for some time been puzzled by other strange innovations which reminded them of Catholicism.

In the past the changes had been external ones and the average man had not cared very much. Last spring, however, he got the shock of his life when an ordinary Lutheran pastor in southern Sweden, Gunnar Rosendal, received the three monastic vows from the very first Swedish Lutheran nun, the first member of a new community called the Order of the Holy Spirit; at the same time he celebrated the anniversary of the Reformation by preaching about the admirable religious spirit of Spanish Catholicism which he had experienced during a recent visit to that country. This was really too stiff for the rank and file. The poor nun was besieged by newsmen, and overnight became known all over the country as "the private nun." Pastor Rosendal, who already was known as a black sheep, got a stern warning from his superiors. He is now under risk of suspension.

What was revealed in the subsequent scandal was still more disquieting to the Swedish public. Pastor Rosendal turned out to be perhaps the most colorful and original representative of a movement within the Lutheran Church, little known to the public, which as far as the layman can see is returning to Catholicism so quickly and conscientiously as to make it almost impossible for the Swede to see the distinction between this Lutheran minority and the Roman Church.



Pastor Rosendal wears with enthusiasm the black cassock which Catholic clergy in the Latin countries wear on the streets today with a marked lack of enthusiasm. To wear such a cassock in Sweden produces about the same effect as would the wearing of the Red Army uniform on an American street.

He and his group are so close to Rome (the only points of dogma which separate them are details) that he is convinced that his group is in true apostolic succession—which, oddly enough, has never formally been nullified as far as Sweden is concerned, probably as a result of pure negligence at the time of the Reformation. In liturgical matters, Pastor Rosendal differs from Catholicism only in his use of the vernacular. From the moral point of view, his teaching is identical with that of Catholicism. And all of this takes place against the background of Sweden's consistently "low" national Lutheran Church.

The "private nun" was not a religious crank, but turned out to be in communication with many others who felt much as she did: mostly young men and women, who are only waiting for an opportunity to join some sort of religious order. Several ministers within the Lutheran Church have been living in celibacy and regard that state of life as the most appropriate for at least a part of the clergy.

CLOSER investigation of these phenomena, however, produces a slightly different picture. Actual conversions to Rome from this group have not been as numerous as first was feared by the Swedish public. Pastor Rosendal and the numerous other representatives of this new "high church" have made it clear that they wish to remain in their national Lutheran Church—to try to save it from its present "decadence." It would indeed be cowardice, they say, to leave their own church in order to enter a Church where their ideals could be achieved the easy way.

What they want is to be Catholic "fellow-travelers." They are convinced that even though they are outside the Roman fold they possess valid sacraments and the means of salvation. Thus they are offering to those of their countrymen who are interested in Catholicism a sort of homemade Catholicism—almost identical, in the layman's eyes, with the real thing. To those who accuse them of imitating Rome, they reply that they are merely returning to the origins of Lutheranism, to Lutheranism as it was immediately

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after the Reformation. As a matter of fact, their movement can in more than one respect be seen as a form of defense against the attraction of Rome, somewhat as the worker priest movement in France began as a defense against the attraction of Communism.

Many Lutherans believe that one of the secrets of Rome's mysterious attraction is that it has the fascination of the exotic. A well-known Swedish theologian recently said that those of his countrymen who are drawn to Catholicism fail to see the true piety which exists in the church of their birth. He compared the brilliant Catholic piety with silk, and the simple unobtrusive Lutheran piety with wool. To use his terms, one might say that Pastor Rosendal and his friends have succeeded in producing such excellent synthetic silk that only the knowledgeable are able to distinguish it from the genuine article.

Everything would indicate that even though Pastor Rosendal's movement is born out of a perhaps subconscious reaction against Rome's attraction, the result will be that from its ranks many a convert of quality will enter Catholicism. In the meantime the movement serves to clear away Swedish prejudices against Rome. It gives the average Swede, for the first time, a familiarity with Catholic dogma, liturgy and ethics. And Pastor Rosendal, as minister and perhaps as martyr, has proved to have the moral courage to see to it that the dilemma of Swedish Lutheranism remains consistently before the public. His motto is Hornblower's: "I'd rather be in trouble for having done something, than for not having done anything."

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

THE SCREEN

THE JONES GIRL AND THE ALAN LAD

AS a movie, "Carmen Jones" is exciting. Telling the story of a corporal named Joe in wartime United States who falls passionately in love with a loose woman who seduces him into throwing over career and fiancée to go with her to Chicago where she drops him for a prizefighter, the film moves at a fast pace in a series of scenes that more or less follow the pattern of the original opera. Harry Belafonte, who plays Joe handsomely, seems somewhat static alongside of vital, hip-swinging Dorothy Dandridge whose sensational beauty and fiery acting style make her one of the most vivid Carmens of our day. Olga James is also quite impressive as Cindy Lou, the girl Joe ditches for the more volatile Carmen; she sings her arias beautifully.

In fact the singing throughout is one of the big assets of "Carmen Jones," and it by no means detracts from the effective sound track that the singing voices of Marilynn Horne and Le Vern Hutcherson were dubbed in for those of Dandridge and Belafonte. Joe Adams plays Husky, the prizefighter who wins Carmen from Joe, in an appropriately flashy manner; his songs, including the popular Toreador number, are well sung by Marvin Hayes. Pearl Bailey, as Carmen's night-club friend, continues to play Pearl Bailey and throws her all into "Beat Out That Rhythm on a Drum."

Producer-director Otto Preminger, whose moon is blue, was by no means adverse to making this modern version of "Carmen" a sexy little item. The story, however, was never meant for children anyway; and the racy Hammerstein lyrics and dialogue are well matched by the visuals. Production-wise, "Carmen Jones" stands with the best; it has used color with splendid imagination; and some of the scenes, with this handsome cast doing their stuff while stereophonic sound lets out with the Bizet music, hit a memorable high in cinematic effectiveness.

WITH the arrival of two new Alan Ladd films, it becomes easy to see through the Ladd pattern with his straight-faced style of acting that is accompanied on the rest of the screen with lots of motion and running in all directions. A good story and script can cover up for Mr. Ladd quite well. Unfortunately in the first of his two new movies, "The Black Knight," which was made in England, Ladd is practically allowed to stand alone. And stand alone he cannot. The story and script by Alec Coppel are like something from the tale end of the King Arthur cycle. Ladd plays a swordmaker who finally rises to knighthood and then saves King Arthur and lots of other people dressed in fancy costumes, including his own lady fair (Patricia Medina) from the Saracens. I could never quite figure out what the Saracens were doing in olde England; but there are many other odd things in this movie including a wild bacchanal at Stonehenge that had me baffled. It is hard to believe that so much money and effort (all this is in Technicolor) could have been spent on such a silly picture. Mr. Ladd, looking puffy and tired, no doubt from so much fighting and riding through the lovely green forests, takes everything in stride. But when the script makes someone ask, "May I escort you to the drawbridge?" I was the first to reply: yes.

ALAN Ladd's other new effort, an American picture called "Drum Beat," stands up well on its own; and Ladd stands up well with it. This time portraying an Indian fighter whom President Grant

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makes a Peace Commissioner to settle our troubles with the Modoc Indians in California, Alan is supported by an interesting script, based on fact and written and directed by Delmer Daves. The President insists on peaceful methods in getting the Modocs to behave, and Ladd really tries to put aside the guns in carrying out his job. And he looks fine—fighting Indians, wooing Audrey Dalton or conferring with Mr. President.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

SING ME NO LULLABY

MR. Robert Ardrey's drama, which has just closed prematurely at the Phoenix, quite deserved its harsh and limiting public response. The new work seems to me to mark a recession of Mr. Ardrey's very considerable talent: it shows none of that tangible sense of the contemporary, the moral poise and direct passionate concern which, even now, keep his film, "Thunder Rock," in circulation as a serious statement of political idealism. I am, indeed, hard put how to characterize "Sing Me No Lullaby" but as an impertinent fantasy: a fantasy because it touches the real shape of life at almost no point; impertinent because it abuses dramatically one of the central political dilemmas of the day—what shall be the posture of a free society in the face of danger.

Mr. Ardrey invokes the liberal sentiments, he asks for a sense of proportion in confronting the errors of the past—and here he is unexceptionable, one cannot but concur. Where he is less secure is in suggesting the moral coldness of an age of conformity. He contends—it is the only intelligible thesis of his play—that American society is wrenched on the inadmissible either/or of a democracy gone rigid with fear; to document this theme, he rehearses the sad fortunes of the idealism of the thirties come to grief in the fifties. Yet the anxieties of Mr. Ardrey's characters, as he has delineated them, are of purely schematic and rhetorical nature; their distance from fact is never so obvious as it is in one scene venomously caricaturing the procedure of an FBI investigation.

This same substitution of rhetoric for perception viciously infects the very texture of "Sing Me No Lullaby," particularly its dialogue. (I need not observe how it reduces a competent and talented cast to the most graceless exhibition of the season.) Mr. Ardrey's characters are all candidates for indecent verbal exposure. They conduct their spiritual lives in a relentlessly turgid Socratic colloquy; they dine, as it were, with the eternal verities. Crisis is their permanent state; the articulation of platitude is their constant occupation. One is moved to say of the spectacle they present, no: neither tragedy nor treason are such voluble affairs as this: the moral life of politics is lived at a much deeper level than here. Mr. Ardrey's failure to write of political emotion with dignity underlines again the gathering incapacity of the American dramatist to write of the public life of our time. (*Closed at the Phoenix.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

BOOKS

Flaubert as Letter-Writer

MARTIN TURNELL

A FRENCH critic has lately described Flaubert's correspondence as "puerile." It is a strange judgment. The greatest authors are not invariably the best letter-writers, but Flaubert is one of the celebrated authors whose letters certainly do not disappoint. To those who only know the novels, indeed, the letters must come as something of a surprise. They reveal a more varied, a more robust, and in some ways a more attractive personality than his fiction.

Flaubert was an indefatigable letter-writer, and his correspondents seem to have been scrupulous in preserving his letters. They originally filled eight stout volumes in the Conard Edition, but four supplementary volumes have been added since Mr. Francis Steegmuller made his selection [*The Selected Letters of Flaubert*. Farrar, Straus and Young. $4.]. His book contains slightly less than two hundred letters, or

Martin Turnell's critical volumes include *The Novel in France* and *Baudelaire*.

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extracts from letters, out of a grand total of about three thousand, but he provides the reader with a well-edited and well-translated sample of the correspondence. We see not merely the artist, but the lover, the traveler, the patriot drilling the local militia during the Prussian invasion, as well as the generous and warm-hearted friend.

Mr. Steegmuller has wisely given the largest part of his space to letters which have a direct bearing on Flaubert's art. For these letters offer us something that is not to be found in the novelist's biography or in the works themselves. They offer us a unique view of the artist engaged in the composition of his books.

"What seems beautiful to me, what I should like to write," Flaubert said in one of his letters to Louise Colet, "is a book about nothing, a book dependent on nothing external, which would be held together by the strength of its style, just as the earth, suspended in the void, depends on nothing external for its support; a book which would have almost no subject, or at least in which the subject would be almost invisible, if such a thing is possible."

When we read the work of Frenchmen who began to write in the middle of the nineteenth century, we cannot help noticing how different they are from those of their immediate predecessors. From a material point of view the careers of Constant, Stendhal and Balzac were by no means an unqualified success, but we are left with the feeling that they had *lived*. Their unhappy love affairs, their travels, their political misfortunes, and even their financial embarrassments were somehow part of their work as writers, and provided them with the stuff out of which their books were constructed. They became writers because they had lived; they did not live in order to write. They were untouched by the mystique of the Artist which became fashionable with Flaubert and Baudelaire, and Flaubert's ambition to write "a book about nothing" would have been incomprehensible to them.

"I love my work with a love which is frenzied and perverted," Flaubert said in a moment of insight. In return, his work has been loved by his admirers with a love which is sometimes equally "frenzied and perverted." I once got myself into trouble with some of them by describing the Master as "a great literary engineer rather than a great novelist." The description was not intended to be disparaging. Flaubert is probably the greatest technical innovator that the novel has ever known. It is difficult to believe that without him Henry James, Conrad, Proust and James Joyce would have achieved all they did. For no later novelist seems to have discovered any important technical device which cannot be found, at any rate in embryo, in Flaubert. Yet the more we study him, the more apparent it becomes that there was something seriously wrong with his art, that there was a gap between art and life, that the extraordinarily subtle technical apparatus was not matched by any corresponding subtlety of experience. It is on these weaknesses that the correspondence sheds a remarkable light.

THE most important letters are those written to Louise Colet. She was, we are told, "a beautiful blonde," was twelve years older than Flaubert, a minor versifier, and an exceedingly tiresome woman. He met her in 1846 when he was twenty-five years old. They became lovers almost at once, and the liaison lasted until 1854. It therefore covers a good deal of the period when Madame Bovary was being written.

> "As I have told you," he said in an early letter, "I had a grand passion when I was little more than a child. When it ended I decided to divide my life into two parts: to put on one side my soul, which I reserved for Art, and on the other my body, which was to live as best it could. Then you came along and upset everything. Now I am returning to a human existence."

It is particularly revealing passage. The attempt to divide his life into two parts goes a very long way towards explaining the central weaknesses of the novels, but the rest of the passage is equally illuminating. The "grand passion" was his schoolboy love for Elisa Schlésinger who was to serve as a model for Mme. Arnoux in *Sentimental Education*. Now Elisa Schlésinger became for Flaubert not simply the ideal woman, but the Untouchable Idol of the Romantic myth. His devotion to her was a sign of his avoidance of experience, his flinching from life, but looked at from his peculiar angle Elisa had one very obvious advantage. She was too ethereal, too remote to compete with Art. The main reason why he became increasingly irritated with Louise Colet, when the first raptures were over, was precisely because she was a real woman who was bound to compete both with the Untouchable Idol and with Art. For the last thing that he wanted was for her to "upset everything," and compel him to return "to a human existence."

The devotion to Elisa Schlésinger is important for another reason. It was a youthful fixation which amounted in the last analysis to arrested development, and it explains the emotional immaturity of the content of the novels which contrasts so strikingly with their technical maturity.

"When I was very young," he wrote to Maxime Du Camp, "I had a complete presentiment of life. It was like a nauseating kitchen smell that pours through a ventilator: you don't have to eat the food cooked in such a place to know that it would make you vomit."

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That is the underlying mood of the novels, and it is not a mood which inspires the work of a great artist.

At the age of twenty-eight, Flaubert set out on a two-year tour of the Middle and Near East. We might have expected the East to have the same sort of influence on his development as Stendhal's first visit to Italy, or Baudelaire's voyage to the West Indies, which produced an awakening of the whole man and provided the material for some of their greatest work. But with Flaubert nothing of the sort occurred because it was already too late, because he was no longer capable of assimilating fresh experience:

> "Uncle Parain, who claims that travel changes a man, is wrong," he writes to his mother from Constantinople in 1850. "As I set out so I shall return, except that there are a few less hairs on my head and considerably more landscapes in it. That is all."

Unhappily, it was all. Once again the phrasing is significant. Instead of providing living experience, the East only furnished his mind with "landscapes."

FLAUBERT speaks in the letters to Louise Colet of the "Herculean" strength needed to write novels. We find him spending "*five days writing one page*," or turning out "thirteen pages in seven weeks" and burning them because he was dissatisfied with them. We even see him reading up on the history of clubfeet in order to be sure of describing them correctly in *Madame Bovary*. But the correspondence with her is not merely a literary document; it is also a human document. It records the long drawn-out duel between Art and Life, between Woman and Art which can only have one ending and which one watches with a mixture of fascination and repulsion. Louise was certainly a tiresome woman, but Flaubert was an altogether impossible lover. The letters open on a note of adoration:

> Twelve hours ago we were still together, and at this very moment yesterday I was holding you in my arms! Do you remember? How long ago it seems! Now the night is soft and warm; I can hear the great tulip tree under my window rustling in the wind, and when I lift my eyes I see the reflection of the moon in the river. Your little slippers are in front of me as I write; I keep looking at them.

This was written on August 4th, 1846. Four days later he is telling her that "the sight of a naked woman makes me think of her skeleton." "At times," he writes on the following day, "I have wanted to give pleasure to a woman, but the idea of the strange spectacle I must be presenting at that moment made me laugh so much that all my desire melted under the fire of an inner glory, which sang a hymn of mockery and derision within me." Worse was to come. The next year he is explaining to her "how immensely pitiful are the rewards of love as compared with the rewards of art." "For me," he observes, "love is not and should not be in the foreground of life: it should remain in the back room." On one occasion he told her, unpardonably, that she was much dearer to him when he was back at Croisset than when they were together in Paris. On another he remarks, comfortingly, that "when two people are in love, they can go for ten years without seeing each other and without suffering from it." And when the wretched Louise forced her way into the house at Croisset in a last desperate attempt to make him return "to a human existence," she was ruthlessly thrown out in front of his shocked and protesting mother.

I have said that the letters reveal a more varied personality than the novels. A letter filled with comical rage gives us an entertaining glimpse of bathing at Trouville in 1853:

> I spent an hour yesterday watching the ladies bathe. What a sight! What a hideous sight! The two sexes used to bathe together here. But now they are kept separate by means of signposts, preventive nets, and a uniformed inspector—nothing more depressingly grotesque can be imagined. However, yesterday, from the place where I was standing in the sun, with my spectacles on my nose, I could contemplate the bathing beauties at my leisure. The human race must indeed have become absolutely moronic to have lost its sense of elegance to this degree. Nothing is more pitiful than these bags in which women encase their bodies, and these oilcloth caps!

The letters are not confined to personal observations and literary theories. There are comments on the problems of the day which are illuminated by a wisdom and an insight which are as arresting as they are unexpected, and to which Mr. Steegmuller's selection does not altogether do justice. Flaubert realized at once that the Franco-Prussian war was not merely another nationalist war in the old sense, but that it was really the end of the Europe he knew. "Perhaps," he remarks, "there will be a return to racial wars, and within the next century we shall see millions of men killing one another in a single action. All the East against all Europe, the old world against the new." "It will be Prussia's turn next," he says prophetically, "and she will be eaten up by Russia."

THE letters also contain a vigorous expression of his own political views. "Republicans of all complexions are to me the cruellest pedagogues in the

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world, with their dreams of organization, legislation, and a monastically rigid society." "I hate all despotism," he proclaims in another letter. "I am a fervent liberal. That is why socialism strikes me as a pedagogic horror, which will be the death of all art and all morality." He was devoted to George Sand, but he had no use for her "progressive" views and told her so:

> I am rather cross with you for saying, in one of your earlier letters, that you are in favor of *compulsory* education for all. I hate everything compulsory, all laws, governments and regulations . . . It will no longer be a despot that oppresses the individual, but the masses, the public safety, the state that is always right, the universal catchword, Robespierre's maxim. I prefer the desert, and I shall return to the Bedouins who are free.

His problem was the same as Stendhal's and Baudelaire's. It was the problem of the artist in a changing society. The outlook of all three of them was essentially aristocratic and anti-democratic. Stendhal called himself a republican, but he disliked other republicans as much as Flaubert. "I desire the happiness of the people with all my heart," he said, "but I think that I would rather spend a fortnight of each month in prison than have to live with tradespeople." Flaubert would have approved wholeheartedly of this, as he must have approved wholeheartedly of Baudelaire's plea for an exclusive "caste" of artists and his horror of "the rising tide of democracy" which fitted in very well with his own desire for "a government of mandarins." Yet we have to admit that the artist's tempation to withdraw from life, which is exemplified in Flaubert's work, was one of the symptoms of the disease which led to the destruction of Flaubert's Europe. He himself may have sensed it, and there is a passage in a letter written to Turgenev in 1872 which makes a suitable epitaph:

> I have tried to live in an ivory tower; but its walls are being battered by a tidal wave of filth that threatens to topple it. It is not a question of politics, but of the mental state of France.

Two Modern Studies of the Life of Christ

THE LORD. By Romano Guardini. Regnery. $6.50.

By H. A. REINHOLD

ROMANO Guardini is so fully trained in Thomism and possesses such Latin lucidity and grace that he can afford an evangelical and deeply personal approach to the New Testament without losing his sure-footed Catholic balance. This book is a masterpiece. It embodies the wealth of modern exegetical criticism opened by Protestant theologians like Karl Barth, the great traditions of "devotio moderna," French seventeenth century thought, the great insights of the Catholic mystics, and the matured speculation of scholasticism. But above all it is an approach to Christ through the Gospels.

With this approach Guardini, fully conscious of God's "otherness," of the analogical character of all our man-made concepts and definitions, presents "The Lord" so clearly as the Word of God, His revelation and our Savior, that a sense of complete newness pervades his book. The dissatisfaction with forms and formulas first felt by Germanic saints like Hildegard of Bingen, a mystic like Eckhart, a scholar like Nicholas Cues, "Cusanus," a reformer like Luther and a poet like Angelus Silenius, the deep sense of incompatibility and incongruency that only vaguely bothers Saint Thomas but disquiets Pascal endlessly, are as noticeable in Guardini as is his Thomistic balance and firmness. The result is a picture of the Lord, a supra-historical biography of Jesus as the Christ, that can satisfy men and women of our day. It is a calming thing to find a writer, orthodox and logical, who admits where reason lets off and faith begins.

Four hundred years of history should have taught us to understand each other and to learn from our mistakes. If Pope Leo X's successor could say that Luther was a self-willed rebel and that Rome had done everything to foster and abet his rebellion; if Saint Clement Hofbauer, one hundred and fifty years ago, could say that the Nordic peoples followed Luther because they wanted to remain Godfearing, we of the twentieth century should be able to sit down and reassess our positions. Guardini has here offered a picture of Christ that should re-focus our adoration of Him. The shining image of the sole Mediator between God and men has here been cleaned, reset and refurbished. And what an image of love, truth, divine mystery and human kindness it is! Guardini has restored to us a living, breathing Lord as the center of our adoration.

Through the whole bulk of this great work runs the thought that the philosopher's God-Creator has a long way to go to become the personal, tri-personal, living Lord, Father, Spirit and Redeemer, and that we cannot know this Lord without Jesus, His Word. Every page is bathed in this knowledge and its wonderment. But the awe and fear this knowledge inspires is redeemed by the love and trust which result from it.

Guardini himself limits his approach: a psychological "study of Jesus Christ, save the most limited, is [not] feasible. . . . All one can do is demonstrate from ever new points of departure how all attributes, all characteristics of Christ terminate in the incomprehensible . . . . of measureless promise." Nor does Guardini attempt to excise Jesus from his time and recast Him in the image of our day. His wish is to set the scene for our Emmaus experience. To have Jesus walk

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with us while our hearts start "burning within us." In this he fully succeeds.

JESUS AND HIS TIMES. By Daniel-Rops. Dutton. $5.

By ROBERT PAUL MOHAN

JESUS and His Times is the English translation of the major work of Daniel-Rops, historian and novelist, and one of the most gifted and best known contemporary French writers. The original *Jésus en son temps* is in its four hundredth printing, and English is but one of fifteen languages into which the original has been rendered—or surrendered.

Daniel-Rops—the name is a pseudonym for Henri Petiot—is a Catholic, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the Editor-in-Chief of *Ecclesia*, a distinguished Catholic monthly publication. He is also a man who writes with great sensitivity and beauty.

One reads in the publisher's publicity releases for this book that the Holy Father himself, after reading *Jésus en son temps*, made its author a Commander of St. Gregory; but one reads also in the same release the somewhat disconcerting statement that this work is considered "the most definitive life of Christ since Ernest Renan's *Vie de Jésus*."

This rather peculiar ambivalence to things Catholic seems to characterize the publisher's approach to this translation; and the motivation, one suspects, is the understandable desire to appeal commercially to a wider American market. However, this translation, however inadvertently, renders a disservice to the author in two ways. First of all, it employs a version of the Bible (the King James) which is alien to the tradition in which the author writes, and in which he finds his entire spiritual orientation. And inasmuch as Bibical quotations constitute such a significant part of a work of this nature, the objection is not trivial.

The second disservice which this translation renders to Daniel-Rops is to be found in the absence of an Imprimatur—a technicality, perhaps, but an important technicality. It is to be noted that the author evidently desired such a permission, since the French edition contains the Imprimatur, given at Paris, April 17, 1944, by Monsignor A. Leclerc, one of the vicars general of the Archdiocese of Paris.

These objections prescind completely from the aesthetic value of the King James version and the non-Catholic's possible lack of knowledge with regard to the Imprimatur. The essential question is: how faithfully have the beliefs and words of the author, whatever their nature, been rendered into English?

One reads on page 317 of the English translation: "Most of the great mystics have considered asceticism as an elementary practice which *may be disregarded* (italics mine) as the spirit progresses to higher stages." The French, however reads ". . . qu'il faut dépasser pour atteindre aux hauts états." To go beyond minimal requirements is not to disregard, and to suggest that the mystics disregarded asceticism as they progressed in the spiritual life is, to put it mildly, theologically questionable.

A more interesting rendition is found on the following page of the English version:

> No one could be further removed than Jesus from those theologians who, entrenched in the certitude of their rightness, have launched their thunderbolts from on high and have turned the most moving of all teaching into a rigid system of ferocious precepts, an implacable barrier.

The only thing wrong with this rather spirited observation is that the theologians are not necessarily the villains of the piece. Translator Miller has translated the word *théoriciens* as *theologians*. The theorist is not necessarily the theologian, and I think that Daniel-Rops could have used the word *théologien* had he desired to bring those sinister figures into his discussion. Incidentally, he does two pages later, and uses the word *théologiens*. Happily, this time, everything seems to be straightened out.

One is reminded of the Italian play on the words *traduttore* and *traditore* with regard to the difficulty of accurate translation. In this instance, the "betrayal," however unintentional, precludes the possibility of a recommendation of this work as it now stands to Catholic readers.

It might be added too, that Daniel-Rops would hardly be flattered by a comparison of his work to that of Renan's, since in his last chapter, "Jesus and the Critics," he sharply criticizes the distorted rationalistic portrait of Jesus made by that writer. It is true, however, that in his writing Daniel-Rops covers the same terrain as Renan.

The book was originally written in a popular style by a historian who ". . . cannot forget that he is also a novelist. . ." Despite its literary polish, it is more profound in its approach than a work like Papini's, but hardly as thorough as the one-volume works of Ricciotti and Fouard of the same nature already available in English. Though the author is more than a gifted amateur, particularly in his grasp of the auxiliary disciplines necessary for a student of the life of Christ, he has embarked on a project in which literary finesse must inevitably be subservient to a firm grasp of the theology of the Incarnation as well as to the more technical aspects of historical objectivity.

In fine, Daniel-Rops says nothing that has not been said already, although perhaps in a less gifted idiom, by Prat, Fillion, Lagrange, and Goodier, to name a few. But it is indeed quite probable that the man who desires an informal and relatively brief life of Christ written in an interesting manner would profit considerably by reading this work of Daniel-Rops—in French.

Comic and Sad

MUSEUM PIECES. By William Plomer. Noonday Press. $3.50.

By JOHN F. SULLIVAN

THE ideal to which the novel must aspire is that of truthfully

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reproducing the diversity of human existence. For this reason, the novel cannot properly achieve tragedy, because tragedy requires a poetic organization of life. Novels which attempt tragic effects are always, to that extent, poems. It is a little dismaying, then, that Mr. William Plomer's new novel, *Museum Pieces,* should have been met with critical mutterings of "paradox," dubious talk of "tragic-comedy," and general bewilderment by the problem of a sad "comedy" that is also an uproarious "tragedy." Yet, surely, a paradoxical mingling of the mournful and the hilarious is the normal human state, which it is the task of the novel truly to reflect.

And *Museum Pieces* is truly a novel, despite the qualms which Mr. Plomer lets his narrator begin with, about whether her story is not perhaps only a memoir or a sketch. Here, possibly, it may be forgivable to point out the fairly obvious, that there are many ways in which a novelist may obtain the effect of a life-like diversity, so that it must not be supposed that Mr. Plomer has accomplished his purpose by the ordinary technique we have come to call "realistic"—meaning often a mere piling up of detail.

The comic side of *Museum Pieces,* in fact, depends a lot on the Dickensian technique of a diversity of comic, even eccentric, characters. Around his principals, Toby d'Arfey and his mother, Mr. Plomer has placed a whole museum of comic creations, named in wonderfully comic style: the fashionable Lilac Evans, the ridiculous Lydia Delap, the fantastic Mrs. Bunstable, the gentle Lady Meliora Sperrow, the awful Mildred Purbind, even very minor figures like the art expert, Dr. Saas-Fee. But each of them is given at least a moment in which to reveal another aspect, for each of them is a human and consequently very mixed being.

But the story is really about Toby and his mother, Mrs. Mountfaucon, who are the museum pieces of the title, relics like their own lovely and useless possessions and destroyed, like them, by the war. There is sadness in the wanton annihilation of both Toby d'Arfey and a teapot that once belonged to Pope, but it is not tragedy—Toby is not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be. It is the sadness rather that is always evoked by the transience of beauty—beauty that no lace, latch or catch or key can keep from vanishing away. The narrator, eminently sensible Jane, is not inhuman in her calm acceptance of the deaths of her friends, though she and we are human to cry out to passing loveliness, "*verweile doch, du bist so schön!*"

But in speaking thus pontifically of tragedy and the novel or of novelistic techniques, I have probably been unfair to the best quality of *Museum Pieces,* which is a rich but unassuming charm that gently mocks at all pretentiousness. Comparisons with Evelyn Waugh and Henry Green come easily to mind—they are suggested on the dust jacket—but *Museum Pieces,* while it should be most appreciated by readers of Waugh and Green, is more casual, warm, and human than the comparable work of those intense artists.

Mr. Plomer's American publishers are obviously hoping that *Museum Pieces* will win for him an American success like that of Waugh or Green, that it will bring to an end our neglect of Mr. Plomer, at which, they are at pains to tell us, E. M. Forster has wondered. Whether it will is probably largely a matter of lucky accident, a chance catching of the eye of movies or television. But this novel should remain one of those little treasures which are always being rediscovered, should they be lost sight of, by readers who regard wit and grace and precision as superlative virtues in any writer.

The Pursuit of Unhappiness

THE WOMAN WITHIN. By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

ELLEN Glasgow died in 1945, leaving twenty novels and one book of verse besides the manuscript of this autobiography, begun in 1934, and confided to her literary executors with instructions that it was to be published posthumously at their discretion. Ellen Glasgow was over seventy when she died, and this is the story of her "secret life." Her theories of writing, and what she wished to communicate of her intellectual life, she had set down in the prefaces to her novels, which she collected into one volume and published in 1943 with the title *A Certain Measure.*

The unzippering of a personality has always been the dearest delight of any novelist, and Ellen Glasgow writes of her inner self, and describes her psychological strip-tease, with a true novelist's cunning appreciation. She is as unobjective as possible, gloating lovingly over every whim, every tantrum, every moan and whimper of the egocentric character she delineates. "Whenever I asked a person to speak louder, my hands would turn to ice and a cold sweat would break over me." "The bold mortal sickness of the spirit, black, malignant, unutterably hideous, curved toward me, engulfed me, and scattered through the room, the house, the world and the universe"—words taken from her description of her first evening alone after her quarrel with a fiancé she admitted was "something of a bounder." "These five novels represent, I feel, not only the best that was in me, but some of the best work that has been done in American fiction." And the person whose writing she is describing—herself—refers not once to William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, James Joyce, Francois Mauriac, Thomas Mann, Franz Kafka, or Rainer Marie Rilke. Marcel Proust she mentions only once, in reference to a personal sentiment; and Henry James with patronizing distaste as "a kindly soul . . . with a hollow ring somewhere."

But she creates herself with flawless touch: we see the "shy, proud

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...d" in an embroidered French pink flannel coat, with matching cap, in terror of the rosy sunset, in the midst of which was "a face without a body staring in at me with a vacant face, round, pallid, grotesque, malevolent," in terror too, of men and boys chasing a black dog, with which she wholly identifies herself, as with the aged Negro, brought blinking from his cellar into the staring day, and put into a wagon from the almshouse. She creates, too, all her minor characters: her oval-faced, exquisite mother, smiling at her between the blossoming oleanders, and her dour, Calvinistic father, who in his eighty-six years never "committed a pleasure" and who gave his wife and ten children "everything but the one thing they needed most, and that was love."

Ellen was happiest as a child and as an aging woman: "It could not have been always spring," she admits of the far-off time before she was seven, "but in my recollection the sky is of a changeless blue, the trees are in green leafy foliage, the grassy hills are starred with daisies or buttercups, the birds are singing high in the boughs, the golden air is as soft as the scent of a flower on my cheek." Then life closes in, and is hateful: despite success, fame, beauty, beaux, foreign travel, riches, servants, and a wealth of friends. "My quarrel . . . was less with the world than with the scheme of things in general. I had never . . . made the great acceptance. Ridiculous or not, I was still in arms against the universe" she writes of herself at sixty. And yet, in the very next chapter, when approaching seventy, she announces "I have made a thrilling discovery, and in the past year I have had an even more thrilling adventure. My discovery was that until one is over sixty one can never really learn the secret of living." Her adventure was almost to die, to reach "the ragged edge of eternity" as her doctor called it, where she found the peace "that passes both understanding and misunderstanding."

She had had something of the same adventure—or experience—twice before, and both times when she was at her lowest ebb, physically and morally. Once, when her lover wrote her he was dying, she went alone up on a hillside in Switzerland, and realized she could only escape death by accepting it. "By giving up, by yielding the sense of separateness, by extinguishing the innermost core of identity. I tried with all my strength to find absorption in the Power people called God, or in the vast hollowness of the universe . . . Then, after long effort, I sank into an effortless space. Lying there, in that golden August light, I knew, or felt, or beheld, a union deeper than knowledge, deeper than sense, deeper than vision. Light streamed through me, after anguish, and for one instant of awareness, if but for that instant, I felt pure ecstasy. In a single blinding flash of illumination, I knew blessedness. I was a part of the spirit that moved in the light and the wind and the grass. I was—or felt I was—in communion with reality, with ultimate being. . . . But thinking came long afterwards. There was no thought, there was only blissful recognition, in that timeless awakening." Once again too, when she had tried, halfheartedly, to commit suicide (her favorite brother and brother-in-law had both done so) she felt "waves of unconsciousness, not dark and obscured, but as light and transparent as foam . . . lifting me upward . . . bearing me onward. A tide of blessedness was rising, was ebbing, around Blessedness."

And yet, for her, as for us all, the man from Porlock comes in, is in, is, alas 'home free' in us most of the time. Alone "except for the servants" in her big house in Richmond, Ellen loved her friends and her dogs, loved happiness and hated cruelty, but "recognized no obligation toward an unknown or invisible Power." She was very wise in her conclusions about human relations. "Surely," she wrote, "one of the most curious problems is . . . the intimate relations between desire and the sense of inadequacy. Does abundance ever inspire an intense longing?" And elsewhere: "If only we had read Freud . . . we might have found love a passing pleasure, not a prolonged desire. Yet . . . it is a law of our nature that the memory of longing should survive the more fugitive memory of fulfilment."

And that is so. Had she been able to accept the promise of the blessedness she experienced, Ellen Glasgow might have come to terms with the universe, its Maker, and her own self. But then she might not have written this absorbing memoir.

Finding One's Past

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD. By Hamilton Basso. Doubleday. $3.95.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

OH the Southerner and the baggage he must carry! The Ohioan and the Dakotan can close the doors forever if they wish; they frequently do so wish and Westchester County is full of them, middle-class gone upper-class, their only real mark the Manhattan in which they spent their middle years, their culture the horizontal, beginningless and endless, perpetually twentyish, pleasant but expensive cult of The City.

But the Southerner drags the past along like the accent on his speech. Anson Page, the hero of this novel, is one such Southerner in New York. His home had been Pompey's Head in the coastal South between Savannah and Charleston.

That coastal South is as distinct (its people speaking a fast, slurred Southern) as the Virginia South, the Mountaineer South, the Mid-South of nasal accents and red clay, and the Mississippi South of low accents and yet fiercer pasts. The Carolina-Georgia coast is swamp country, lovely still swamps which enclose black streams and dry, wide, soft, tree-roofed halls; a place where the Scotch-Irish people still can talk language that has earth in it, where Saturday night is a time to "frolic."

Anson Page, a lawyer, has been held by perhaps more than his

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share of bonds of the South. He had written about them in a book called *The Shinto Tradition of the American South*. His wife, a Midwesterner, could not comprehend these ties; neither, wholly, could he. So when a professional assignment took him back to Pompey's Head, he felt himself something of an archeologist searching through the remains of his own past.

His assignment as attorney for a publishing house was concerned with a famous writer, now a blind invalid living with his notoriously ill-tempered wife on an island near Pompey's Head. The wife had brought an embezzlement charge against a publishing executive, now dead, who for many years had been editor and friend to the author.

But Page had more to do than find out the truth behind the legal action. He had his private excavations to carry out.

The novel goes into a series of flashbacks to Page's early years, dealing with what the ties and traditions of this vivid, rural town had done to him and to those whom he had known. Page meets past loves, animate and inanimate (including one girl of wild charm, a Fitzgeraldian heroine, one of a kind still produced south of the Mason-Dixon line and nowhere else), and the result is surely a fine novel.

The kind of fiction Mr. Basso is here writing is a sort of middle-ground of the novel. He is not attempting to do extraordinary things; he is not attempting to slice through to the grating bone of interior truth. Yet to say this is not to disparage Mr. Basso. His book is a study of a society and of a place, a kind of book which is strongly in the British literary tradition, and in Marquand, Cozzens, some of Faulkner, and *New Yorker* short fiction, very much a part of our own.

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A Search for Unity in Chaos

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. Vol. II. By Robert Musil. Coward-McCann. $5.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

WHAT constitutes a novel of ideas? Is it a book in which the characters sit around discussing ideas and meditating on them? Or is it one in which the characters act out their ideas with a minimum of discussion and a maximum of symbolic action? To my mind the second definition fits some of the twentieth century's most original contributions to the tradition of the novel: Gide's *The Immoralist*, for example. Such a novel takes for its motto, not the old gag, "How can I know what I think until I see what I say?" but a closely related variant, "How can I know what I think (or feel) until I see what I *do*?"

On the basis of the two volumes I have read—there are two more to come in what appears to be a masterly translation by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser—I should say that *The Man Without Qualities* falls rather under the first, or nineteenth-century, definition of the novel of ideas. It deals primarily with a society—the intellectual bourgeoisie of pre-World War I Austria—which believes that its chief function is to have and discuss ideas rather than to act on them. On the other hand, the Austrian aristocracy and army, which both mistrust ideas, have no confidence in positive action either; the Austrian Empire is so delicately poised that *any* action may bring into play the inner contradictions which were to overthrow it in the war; procrastination, compromise, and "muddling through" are therefore the highest military and aristocratic virtues.

Moosebrugger, the sex-murderer whose case keeps cropping up throughout the book, may be regarded as representing positive action unsupported by ideas. In contrast to him and to everyone else in the book stands Ulrich, the "man without qualities," who longs to act, but will do so only if he can bring his entire personality to bear. Integrity is his sole ideal; he cannot choose his life's work half-heartedly or with half his mind. All his ideas, all his personality, must be focused into a single course of action. Pending the discovery of that course, he prefers to do nothing, to be nothing but a man without qualities, to entertain all ideas—and their antitheses—without making up his mind about any of them. In this Ulrich seems to be quintessentially Viennese, as he does too in his love affairs: he is incapable of falling in love, but one could not call him a cynic; physical passion is to him as awesome as love, while at the same time irresistibly comic.

All the novel's characters are eventually drawn into some rela-

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tionship with the "Collateral Campaign," an enormous organization of interlocking committees, which vainly searches for a "theme" that will unify the hopelessly disunited Austrian Empire on the seventieth anniversary of the Emperor's accession—in 1918. Count Leinsdorf inspires the Campaign; Frau Tuzzi ("Diotima"), a beauty and social climber, holds a salon for it; Arnheim, the Prussian-Jewish millionaire, becomes involved because of his platonic passion for Diotima; Ulrich is related to Diotima and acts as secretary to Leinsdorf.

The futile Campaign becomes a symbol not only of Austria, but of the modern psyche, with its lack of a central belief, its destruction of the will by the intellect. Such a symbol may confer unity on a novel, but its nature is essentially static; since the Campaign is never to achieve anything, it can never change its nature. Hence, if the reader is to be carried forward, it must be by the changes in the relationships between the characters, which occur at too infrequent intervals to hold his interest, or else by the psychological development of the individual characters —some of whom hardly develop at all. In default of these, he may still be held by the book's multitudinous ideas, which are expressed with an aptness of metaphor and simile superior even to Proust's.

In its first two volumes, indeed, *The Man Without Qualities* appears to have little more claim to be called a novel than do Montaigne's *Essays*. Like them, it is both an encyclopedia of contemporary ideas and a remarkable portrait of the mind of an almost universal man. Trained as a soldier, an engineer, a scientist and a philosopher, Musil also epitomizes the twentieth century in his special brand of artistic sensibility—and even in his cult of physical fitness.

Like Montaigne and Proust, Musil died while still adding to his big book. No doubt subtle scholars will arise to prove that *The Man Without Qualities*, even though unfinished, possesses essential unity. The fact that Musil withdrew his last volume when it was already in the press and started to rewrite it entirely will be brought forward as proof of his constructive powers, whereas the example of Balzac rather suggests that it is the most slipshod writers who rewrite their books in proof. I think it would be wiser to make a virtue of necessity and praise Musil for his disregard of the rules, as Gustave Lanson does Montaigne: "One has to have read Montaigne to realize to what extent lack of organization is essential to him."

Place and Story

SOMETHING TERRIBLE, SOMETHING LOVELY. By William Sansom. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

ABOUT three years ago, when I read *South*, a collection of stories by William Sansom, I fancied the author taking notes on various southern Italian settings, bringing them home, then thinking up characters and plots to put into those settings. The trick seemed effective and valid enough to me—except that I thought these contrived juxtapositions shouldn't show in the finished story.

In a preface to a later collection, *The Passionate North*, Mr. Sansom came right out and publicly admitted what I had privately suspected: "The result may be a bastard out of the liaison of two distinct literary wishes—to describe a place (travel book) and to tell a story (fiction). . . . Things in fact seldom happen in the right places. . . . There seemed to be only one honest and pleasurable retreat from such an impasse. . . . To take the place to be described, to describe it faithfully—and then set against it what *could* happen there."

Now, William Sansom is not a mere "local color" writer, nor is he unintelligent; he always tries to make his background function organically, with a genuine relationship to human character. However, his manner of overcoming the "problem" of place and incident, though it produces many gripping stories, frequently flaws them at the same time.

Some of Mr. Sansom's talents nonetheless are of a high order. His power of description is very strong; so is his ability to build suspense, especially when he does not "cheat" on the reader by obvious technical devices; so is his sophisticated insight into the stabilities and instabilities of human nature.

Several of the stories in *Something Terrible, Something Lovely* are vivid and tense. All of them reveal Mr. Sansom's descriptive energy; he depicts a steep, threatening cliff at the ocean's edge, a pattern of underground water mains, a doorless and windowless room. Most of them show his insight into character; near the cliff he puts a man who has just ended a love affair; in the water mains he finds three hard-working boys who discover that a glittering outside world is not what they want; in the sealed room he leaves "the Nun Margharita" in a fantastic story about a convent. Yet Mr. Sansom occassionally appears to be encumbered by his own urge to describe. Some of his sentences are strained and dense; some expository statements come at moments of suspense—nearly always an effective trick, but the effect is often annoyance—or simply awkward in places.

Two stories which seemed very admirable to me suffer from Mr. Sansom's cerebral density in spots, but the intentions behind them seem good, and they both are fulfilled to some degree. "How Claeys Died" is a dismaying tragedy of misunderstanding, and "A Saving Grace" is a strange, ambiguous lyric.

REVIEWERS

Father H. A. Reinhold is well known as a liturgical scholar.

Father Robert Paul Mohan, S.S. is on the philosophy faculty at the Catholic University of America.

John F. Sullivan is a member of the faculty of the University of Detroit.

Vivian Mercier is a critic and is co-editor of *1,000 Years of Irish Prose and Poetry*.

Edwin Kennebeck is on the staff of Funk and Wagnalls.

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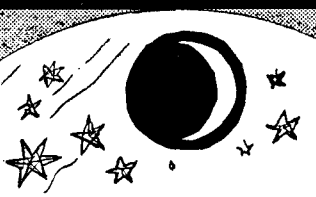

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The Year in Retrospect

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

CHILDREN'S books are not separated from other world interests by a watertight compartment bearing the sign "specialized field." Reflecting not only the conscious but also the subconscious of authors and illustrators more candidly than adult books, they also mirror the age in which they are produced.

This year everyone should have an added interest in them because of the heart-rending psychiatric observations about another word-picture medium of communication for children, the comics. Far be it from me, of course, to think that good children's books may solve the problem of juvenile delinquency. However, one of the effective ways of fighting trashy reading is to expose the young to plenty of first-class thrillers, and this from infancy.

How does this year's output of children's books measure up? One of the major trends is the continuation and enlargement of series. Some firms bring out as many as ten new titles in a collection. Since there are some worthwhile works among them, and since the general level of some series is unquestionably good, some readers may wonder why I have not listed any of these books. Without going into the pros and cons of series, I can say that although the limitation of space has something to do with my choice, it is not wholly responsible for it. I have preferred instead deliberately to emphasize those books which, individually, require the maximum of original, fresh, unduplicated creative talent and effort on the part of author, illustrator and publisher. Convinced that in such books can be found the greatest potentialities, I have confined myself to a brief reminder of certain series at the end of my list.

However, one exception has been made for a book of poetry which appears in a series. The dearth of poetry is again so complete this year that this small anthology deserves special attention. This brings us to what I think should be viewed as a serious situation. It is not my intention to imply that the wealth of scientific books is paralleled by a shortage of poetry. Why not have both? Both can inspire, thrill, in a different way. But for the last two years we have had an unbalanced diet. This is not a question of turning the clock back, but of having a variety of fare. Most people seem unaware that anything could be wrong with feeding boys only on technology. The effects of a diet seldom show at once. But let it go on for a few years and one should not be surprised to witness a generation of boring and insufferable beings, unable to soar to any new heights, for, as Charles-Louis Philippe so aptly wrote: "Isaac Newton discovered gravitation not because he was a learned man, but because he had the soul of a poet."

From *Martin de Porres, Hero* (Houghton, Mifflin)

A heartening trend, already perceptible last year, is to be seen among religious books which for a long time have been so distant from reality that they left most children cold. But we are slowly getting away from Saint Sulpice style (which is not confined to Catholics!), stereotyped expressions and a conventional approach. A marked help along those lines is the step which has been taken in several easy books which introduce Jesus against an authentic background of history and custom, giving full credit to His Jewish upbringing, both in words and pictures.

Apart from the series, there are fewer books than usual for older boys and girls, which does not seem so unfortunate since there are always plenty of adult literary masterpieces to peruse. Books for older youngsters have been included in the other sections.

There are a few new authors in the field and some of them are men, which is a good sign since for generations they have been, on the whole, the best writers of children's books.

Some books may not be found here which should have been included, some may come as a surprise, and some undoubtedly deserved more analysis than that which is given. All in all, this is meant only as a guide for those who have children, those who enjoy the friendship of the young, and those who are concerned with youth. And who, these days, can afford not to be?

Mrs. Bishop is herself a well known author of children's books. Her latest is *Martin de Porres, Hero*, published by Houghton, Mifflin.

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A SELECTED LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

I SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS

Space Ships and Space Travel. The scientifically accurate story of man's attempts and plans for traveling into interplanetary space. By Frank Ross, Jr. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $2.75.

For space-minded boys from twelve on.

Going into Space. By Arthur C. Clarke. Ill. with photographs and diagrams. Harper. $2.50.

Learned and lively account of possible interspace travel by a noted British physicist.

Skyrocketing into the Unknown. By Charles Coombs. Ill. with photographs. Morrow. $4.

An up-to-date, complete survey of the history of jet planes, supersonic altitudes, etc. Because of large print and fascinating photos it can hold the attention of young boys.

Experiments with Atomics. By Nelson F. Beeler & Franklin M. Branley. Ill. by A. W. Rowell. Crowell. $2.50.

The whole subject matter has been marvelously well organized and the explanations are so simple and clear that even an eight-year-old could follow.

Radar and Other Electronic Inventions. By Frank Ross, Jr. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $3.

Another of these fascinating books for electronic minded boys from twelve on. Plenty of interesting photographs.

Tunnels. By Marie Halun Bloch. Drawings by Nelson Sears. Coward McCann. $2.75.

All kinds of tunnels and how they are built. Very effectively and simply explained.

Let's Look Under the City. By Herman and Nina Schneider. Ill. by Bill Ballantine. Scott. $2.

This simple book should meet a lot of questions and satisfy the curiosity of many a child about the way electricity, the phone, water, etc. get into the apartment, and what lies under the street pavement. Eight to twelve years old.

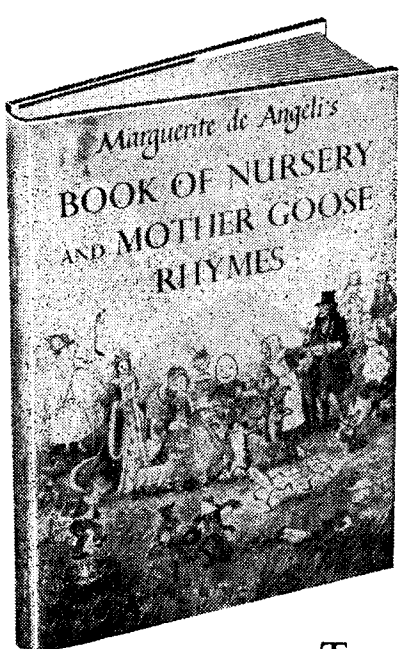
II POETRY

The First Book of Poetry. Selected by Isabel J. Paterson. Pictures by Kathleen Elgin. Watts. $1.75.

A good selection from Milne, Lindsay, De la Mare, Stevenson, Langston Hughes, Rachel Field and many others. For reading alone and aloud, and listening to, especially at bed time, and also for learning by heart.

The Fables of La Fontaine. Translated by Marianne Moore. Viking. $5.

Though not listed in the juvenile catalog, this is a book which should



The perfect gift for children of all ages

Through these enchanted pages skip all the old favorites—Bo Peep, Little Boy Blue, Cock Robin—brought to delightful new life by a famous and beloved illustrator of juvenile books.

The Saturday Review calls it "one of the most poetically lovely editions to date." A leading book-trade journal, *The Retail Bookseller*, says, "It has given us a considerable lift of spirits . . . one of the very best . . . something to cherish." Altogether—the perfect Mother Goose. 376 rhymes, more than 260 illustrations in color and black and white. 8⅞" x 12¼". $5

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by H. Chery, O.P.

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Frequent and regular confession can be a great means to holiness. Unfortunately many penitents who go often to the confessional are distressed by the common-place nature of their confessions, and the small benefit they derive from them. They will find this book, written by a distinguished French Dominican, author of *What is the Mass?*, most helpful. Writing with young people—Catholic Actionists for example, or young married couples—especially in mind, he tries to show how the merely formal and routine confession can be replaced by one which will be a genuine aid in the development of their spiritual life.

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be in every American household, so children might grow up with it as they do with Shakespeare. This is one of humanity's treasures of wisdom. In spite of difficult words or turns of sentences, it can be readily assimilated by young children, as it has been in France for generations, because of the dramatic perfection of each fable. Marianne Moore's translation is not only a monument of labor and love, it is also an artistic and literary achievement of the first order.

III MUSIC AND ART

Carols for the Twelve Days of Christmas. Compiled and arranged by Percy M. Young. Roy. $3.50.

Fifty carols, mostly traditional, with easy accompaniment by a noted conductor and musicologist.

Vincent van Gogh: A biography by Elizabeth Ripley, with drawings and paintings by Vincent van Gogh. Oxford. $3.

Even without color this is a very worthwhile book. The text is excellent for teen-agers and they can also familiarize themselves with the subjects of Van Gogh's paintings.

Star Performance: The story of the world's great ballerinas. By Walter Terry. Ill. by Maria Becket. Doubleday. $2.95.

The great ballerinas from 1581 to this day. Fascinating and easy to read. The author is the dance critic for the New York *Herald Tribune* and himself a dancer. Very original drawings by the artist who illustrated Balanchine's *Complete Stories of the Great Ballets.*

IV BIBLE STORIES AND RELIGIOUS THEMES

The Little Friends of Jesus. By Marcelle Auclair. Ill. by Mary Gehr. Regnery. $2.

Well known author of adult books and editor of a French magazine, Marcelle Auclair has written this distinctive children's book about the life teachings of Jesus with gentle directness, and a sense of depth and mystery. Tasteful stained-glass-like pictures. Six to ten.

If I'd Been Born in Bethlehem. By Joan Gale Thomas. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.

In simple verse a small girl imagines what it would have been like if she had lived in Bethlehem at the time Jesus did.

In the Beginning. By Alf Evers. Pictures by Helen Sewell. Macmillan. $2.

For young children, a picture book about the creation, full of quiet reverence and serene lyrical feeling.

Joel, the Potter's Son. By Georgiana Dorcas Ceder. Ill. by Helen Torrey. Abingdon. $2.

An appealing story of a Jewish boy in Palestine in Jesus' time.

The Juggler of Notre Dame. An old French tale retold and ill. by Mary Fidelis Todd. Whittlesey. $2.

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This is the long-awaited Catholic Edition, with Imprimatur, of the beautiful story of Jesus' Boyhood. A warm, family story that small children will relate to their own lives, told with such reverence and skill that they will feel the wonder of His divine mission. *Fully Illustrated.* $3.00

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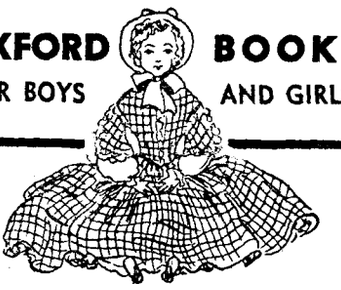

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Legends of Saints and Beasts. Selected and ill. by Anne Marie Jauss. Aladdin Books. $2.50.

Saint Jerome and the lion—Saint Roch and his dog—Saint Francis and the wolf—Saint Macarius and the hyena. Well told, with colored pictures and printing type somewhat reminiscent of illuminated manuscripts.

ALSO, THE FOLLOWING PICTURE BOOKS

Early Old Testament Stories. By Ethel L. Smithers. Ill. by Kurt Wiese. Abingdon. $1.50.

Bible Children. Stories from the Old Testament. By Pelagie Doane. Lippincott. $2.75. Imprimatur.

Jesus Goes to School. By Carrie Lou Goddard. Pictures by Doris Stolberg. Abingdon. $1. (Very young children.)

V GREAT PEOPLE

Martin de Porres, Hero. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Ill. by Jean Charlot. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

The Fisherman's Ring: The life of Giuseppe Sarto, the Children's Pope. By Teri Martini. Ill. by June Roberts. St. Anthony Guild Press. $2.

To devout children this story of Saint Pius X will undoubtedly prove interesting.

Great White Eagle: The Story of Dr. John McLoughlin. By Enid Johnson. Messner. $2.75.

In 1824 Dr. McLoughlin was appointed Chief Factor of the Oregon Territory of the Hudson's Bay fur company. In this great wilderness Dr. McLoughlin ruled both Indians and white with astonishing equanimity and fairness. He died a poor man, with the order of Saint Gregory conferred on him by Pope Gregory XVI. For older boys and girls.

To a Different Drum: *The Story of Henry David Thoreau.* By Charles Norman. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. Harper. $2.50.

Most welcome is this slender book about an outstanding American who did not care to cooperate, belong or be adjusted! Older boys and girls.

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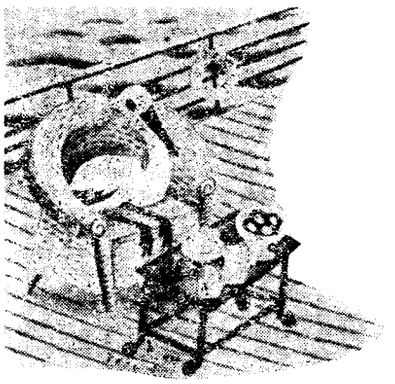

From *Wheel on the Chimney* (Lippincott)

Paws, Hoofs and Flippers. By Olive L. Earle. Ill. by the author. Morrow. $3.50.

A distinguished book by an artist-scientist. All about animals from the point of view of their feet and flippers. Accurate, lively both in text and pictures. Large print and excellent bookmanship.

The Zoo Comes to You. Illustrated with photographs. By Captain Burr W. Leyson and Ruth Manecke. Dutton. $2.95.

Simple and informative. Captain Leyson knows how to simplify knowledge and Miss Manecke how to take pictures.

Zoo Expeditions. By William Bridges. Morrow. $3.50.

Mr. Bridges, who is curator of publications of the New York Zoological Park, has gone on many scientific expeditions to bring back to the zoo familiar or rare animals. This is a fascinating account of some of his astonishing adventures, with unique photographs. (Older boys and girls.)

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The Selfish Giant. By Oscar Wilde. Ill. by Mary Fidelis Todd. Kenedy. $2.

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VIII PICTURE AND EASY BOOKS

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An enchanting creation about a stork's life, truly the work of two artists with an unusual understanding of children.

Mr. Koala Bear. By Elisabeth MacIntyre. Scribners. $2.

Wonderful nonsense with delightful pictures. Little children will enjoy repeating the rhymes.

A Is for Annabelle. By Tasha Tudor. Oxford. $2.50.

A quaint alphabet all related a doll.

Cinderella. A free translation fro the French of Charles Perrau Pictures by Marcia Brown. Scril ners. $2.

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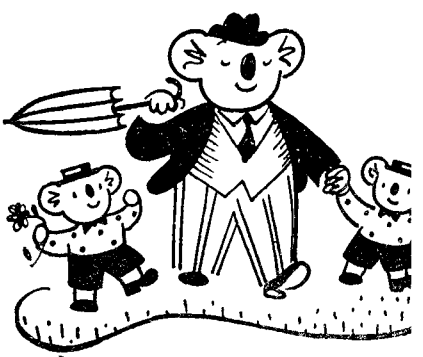

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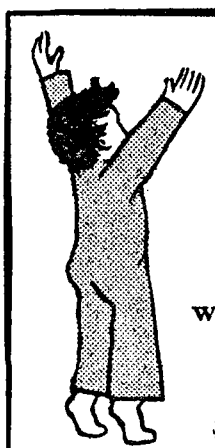

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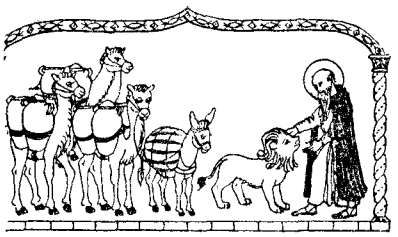

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Speed of the Reindeer: A Story of Lapland. By Carl Wilhemson. Viking. $2.

An absorbing tale about a Finnish boy and a white deer mysteriously stolen. A wonderful feeling of the northern winter, and an interesting account of the people who live in those regions.

A Cottage for Betsy. By Ruth Sawyer. Pictures by Vera Bock. Harper. $2.50.

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Family Shoes. By Noel Streatfield. Ill. by Richard Floethe. Random House. $2.75.

A very lively and amusing story of a minister's family in England. Excellent characterization.

Somebody Special. By Neta Lohnes Frazier. Ill. by Henrietta Jones Moon. Longmans. $2.75.

A newcomer in the life of "Little Rhody" and her sisters. Same typical American home atmosphere at the end of the nineteenth century, and same endearing characters.

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The Land Beyond: A Story of the Children's Crusade. By Ruth Adams Knight. Ill. by Wesley Dennis. Whittlesey House. $2.95.

Little is known historically speaking about the Children's Crusade. But the author has succeeded in recreating the background for this story of a boy's adventure.

The Hidden Village: An Adventure Story of Hawaii. By Keora Kono and Dorothy Mulgrave. Ill. by Isami Kashiwagi. Longmans. $2.50.

An exciting adventure based on folklore tradition.

Sea Dog. By Edmund Gilligan. Ill. by Clifford Schule. Knopf. $2.50.

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